

UNITY.

FREEDOM, + FELLOWSHIP + AND + CHARACTER + IN + RELIGION.

VOL. XVI.

Chicago, January 9, 1886.

No. 19.

SARAH ELLIS.

She only did what lay at hand ;
Work that her own hand found to do :
With no thought of a "mission" grand,
Yet, bit by bit, her mission grew.

She did—what others left undone,
She gleaned behind the harvesters :
The scattered ears of grain let stand
By careless ones—all these were hers.

Patient, unresting still, she wrought,
Though life beat fainter and more faint :
And only as her soul took flight,
We saw—the aureole of the Saint.

ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 28th, 1885.

THE *Christian Life* says that a false religion is usually intricate, that Christian worship comes out of the *soul*, not out of symbols.

A SPIRIT of loyalty to our Church—for we have a church with a capital C—is what we need. Let the old ship float or sink, let men leave us or remain with us—we should be found faithful. A spirit of loyalty is so akin to self-sacrifice that we may call it a Christian virtue.

A. W.

THE last year has given many indications of the deepening intellectual life of our country, which to our mind must always mean a more or less direct deepening of the religious life. If we want better piety in the world, we must enlarge the reason of the world. If we would quicken love, let us fertilize it with thought. Every thought-provoking book, every inquiry class, every look into an encyclopedia, tells for character, and character tells for religion.

CANON FARRAR's statement that he had received more religious help from the poetry of Robert Browning than from all the religious books he had ever read, and that the church of the future has only to bring up its theology to Browning's standards, broadly interpreted, simply means that the church of the future is to go to the poet and not to the dogmatist for its convictions. It is to deal with life and its interpreters, and not with texts and its commentators. It is to honor the movements of the individual heart, more than the motions of councils or the resolutions of conferences.

WE are glad to extend our hand to Rev. T. G. Milsted as the pastor elect of Unity church, Chicago. Mr. Milsted is a Western boy with a Harvard polish. Have

ing had two years or more practice with his ministerial tools at Taunton, Mass., he has now received hearty invitation from Unity church, and it is understood that he will accept and will be at his new post about the first of February. It is a high honor to stand in the pulpit once occupied by Collyer and Batchelor, but the honor carries with it grave responsibilities and implies arduous work, all of which we believe Brother Milsted has counted and is prepared to accept. Young, strong of body, clear of mind, he will fully deserve the hearty welcome that awaits him. Again we say, Welcome!

1885 in the future annals of Chicago will become memorable from the fact that during that year \$2,500,000 fell from a wealthy man's estate to the city for the purpose of establishing the Newberry Library, which sum, if wisely administered, will give a center of intelligence more munificently endowed than any other institution of the kind in America. Next in importance, perhaps, will be recorded the fact, that in 1885 the Art Institute began the erection of a building worthy its purpose and adequate to the growing needs of a slowly-developing art instinct. This last year there have been some indications of an awakening art feeling. The Calumet Art Association has been formed. It has exhibited what we were told was the best loan collection of paintings ever seen in Chicago. But while art is peculiarly dependent upon wealth, the artist's real inspiration must always be democratic. The art spirit can never be generated so long as the gallery doors are closed to all except gentlemen in swallow-tails and ladies in dresses *en train*. "Where can I find a favorable light for my picture?" asked the pupil of the master. "In the market-place", was the reply. When a selfish emperor of Rome proceeded to remove a favorite statue from a public place in the city to his private palace, the common people rose in riotous rebellion; that statue was too much of the common life to be given up; they loved it too well. If the Calumet club of Chicago would really cultivate the art spirit, they must learn to love art so profoundly themselves that they will be ashamed to conceal as a private luxury that which has in it transcendent beauty enough to become a public benefaction.

IN the *Fortnightly Review* for December, occurs a very rabid article on the American press, which no one will be foolish enough to take seriously. Perhaps the haste with which it was written must excuse the contradictions or excesses of statement to be found therein, but even some of these are hardly pardonable. What frame of mind must a man be in who could say of the critical or literary journalism of America:

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"How many writers are there in the United States who can produce ten lines of rational criticism on a picture or a statue?" Besides, ten lines of rational criticism is asking a good deal: it is more than the writer has been able to produce of rational criticism on American newspapers. The disappointment that ensues, when, from some literary freak, a long Jeremiad on American sensationalism, reinforced by a threat of disclosure of what the Pulitzers are doing in New York is suddenly terminated by the confession that, from the "point of view of purveying news, the American Press is as a whole unrivalled in the world, and the completeness of its organization must command the admiration of every practical journalist"! Moreover the "financial columns are models of conciseness, fullness, exactitude and impartiality". Another virtue scored for it is that with all shortcomings, corruption and bribery are not amongst them. Of what force is the earlier heated censure of "trivial, sensational and essentially vulgar"? That the press shows these elements no one can deny, because mankind is trivial, sensational and essentially vulgar, but not all. One turns over such pages as contain this criticism and fails to be edified. There is heat without light; there is a noise and a bursting into expression that is mistaken for judgment; a fling of epithets, that vainly purports to be criticism.

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APPROPOS of our five-cent Channing pamphlet comes this wise and timely word. "I am ashamed of myself that I have not taken more interest in Channing's writings during the years past. Truly, no candid Liberal can deny that he was great, a man who dwelt 'on the heights', a man who will live more and more as

"The sweet presence of a good diffused
And in diffusion ever more intense."

Too much cannot be done to restore him to his proper place as a prophet, we radicals are to take the 'word of the Spirit' from, as we prepare ourselves to speak the word which the present time demands. For all this, I do not quite like your suggestion of the watchword, 'Back to Channing.' I don't think that will be the cry. I don't think that is anything Channing, were he here now, would like to have us cry. At least, we are to bear in mind, if we adopt such a watchword, that we are going back to one who was himself not going back, but the attitude and trend of whose whole thought was 'forward.' I wish he were here now. I think he would be about such a man as we want for a leader, if we must have leaders, in this present state of our forward movement. But he would not be such an oracle in all respects as he was fifty and sixty years ago. There are some things of his own that he would teach us to leave behind. The same would be true of many other teachers of the past, Jesus himself not excepted (so I think), if he really taught all that the New Testament attributes to him.

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BLESSED is the man who feels entrusted with a peculiar revelation, who is conscious of first-hand communications from the infinite, and believes that God speaks to him as he has never spoken to man

before! But woe to the man who makes the slightest boast of such a fact, because very likely he will find himself mistaken, not concerning the communication and the revelation, probably, but concerning the exceptional character of the same. It is hard to prove originality in a material contrivance even, as the records of the patent office clearly show. Still more difficult is it to establish the originality of an idea. A wise, prophetic sister, who for many years has kept a sharp outlook for new things, but ever mindful of the freshness of the old, thus writes: "Nothing has surprised me more than the sincere simplicity in which those fine sensible men of the Ethical Culture Society claim to have discovered something so entirely new as a basis for their teachings, when all they present is the same foundation on which holy souls have so long rested securely. Their words are the freshness of a dewy spring morning, when the early riser feels as if he owned the whole world, unmindful that all through the wide domain of Truth early risers are singing and have surely the same joy-inspiring notes."

A UNITY PROSPECT.

Backed with nearly eight years of experience, the consciousness of having accomplished already in many respects much more than we or our most ardent friends hoped for at the inception of the PAMPHLET MISSION in March, 1878, sustained by a cheerful, loving corps of writers, and encouraged by a growing list of loyal subscribers and readers, UNITY looks forward with courage and joy. It means to go ahead on lines it has already established, laboring to carry the Unitarian actual more and more towards the Unitarian ideal, to continue in its mission of trying to make better thinkers of our church-goers and better church-goers of our thinkers. We shall labor to make religious the life of the young men and women that may come under our influence, to widen and deepen the bonds of fellowship. We shall reverence in the future as in the past all holy teachers at whose feet we sit for instruction and inspiration, and especially Jesus, whose tenderness and heroism is so grandly exemplified from the manger to the cross. We shall try to cultivate not only a sense of fellowship and appreciation of that branch of the Christian movement that has seen fit to call itself Unitarian, but also those other great streams of Christianity that have flowed and are still flowing for the healing of the nations under the names of Catholic, Episcopalian, Methodist, or what not. And still further if there be, as we are sure there is, any freedom, fellowship or character outside the outermost rim of Christianity, beyond the reach of Jesus's name; then, true to the example of Jesus, we will go in search of that and, when found, will gladly confess our relations thereto. And if on our way we meet with any one "who by searching finds not God", but has found the Godlike love, the divine life of nobility and usefulness, we will hail him as a fellow religionist. He belongs to our church, has a right to a seat in our congregation, and, if power be given him to speak words of warning or spiritual quickening, so far as

lies in our power he shall be heard. For nothing smaller than this will we work. Better equipped than ever before, we propose to persist in our missionary work of stimulating our Unitarian churches to better activities, of co-operating with our State Conferences, carrying the burdens of the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society, doing the errands of the Post-office Mission, being a willing messenger boy to the Woman's Conference, a friend and servant of the Western Unitarian Conference, a part of that Unitarianism, east and west, that finds righteousness to be the central thing in religion, more fundamental than any doctrine whatsoever; that makes conduct dominate over creeds and names of all kinds; that makes love and good fellowship, unlimited by any thought-lines conflicting with the common aspirations and yearnings of the human heart, its central inspiration.

The new year brings some important changes which are inevitable in a changing world. The Colegrove Book Company, that has been for nearly five years our publisher and close fellow-worker, has transferred its book-selling business to S. A. Maxwell & Co., 134 & 136 Wabash Avenue, where hereafter Mr. James Colegrove will be found as ready to help and as efficient to advise the progressive bookbuyer as ever. The good-will of The Colegrove Book Co.'s publishing interests will be transferred to our new publishers, Charles H. Kerr & Co. With all the parties of this new combination our readers are well acquainted. Mr. Kerr, our office editor, having served over three years of apprenticeship, receives the full confidence of the UNITY editorial staff. The extent of the confidence is hinted at by the mystic "& Co." in the style of our new publishing house. He is no longer the boy we are bringing up, but the man into whose hands we place our work, and we bespeak for him the confidence of our patrons. In some slow, cautious way we hope to see him become in the fullness of time the successful Liberal book-maker of the West.

These changes make our new headquarters more than before the repository of the distinctively Unitarian publications. The publications of the A. U. A., Geo. H. Ellis, and some others will be kept in stock, and any other books ordered by mail will be promptly secured. All such orders will be attended to by Mrs. E. T. Leonard, the Secretary of the Western Sunday-school Society, who will continue to be our general home-keeper, universal care-taker and the helpful, willing woman-of-all-work. It is hardly safe in this issue to speak of our new headquarters for fear some of the dust of the moving will blur the sentences, but in our next we will be prepared to tell you how we look in our new home. Meanwhile we are to be found henceforth at 175 Dearborn Street, rooms 92, 93, and 94.

Brothers and Sisters! The world waits our better work. The time is short. There is much to do. LET'S AT IT, AND FORWARD!

EVERY OTHER SATURDAY speaks of the volume of poems by Messrs. Hosmer and Gannett as "one that will appeal to many hearts".

Contributed Articles.

IN EXCELSIS.

To wandering men whose dreams may grope
In fiery chasms of the soul,
There comes a fellowship and hope
That wipes away the tears of dole.

With gentle thought and active hand
Love works not singly for the right:
Through every race and distant land
The strangers join upon the height.

How sweet the art that hides away
The differing sects, the warring hates!
The common labor for the day
May will the future nobler states.

Not with an awe of plate and spoil,
Or charms disclosed in books of old,
Should faith delve in its later soil
And trust the signs it may behold.

Oh, let us seek with juster thought
To make for men a bond, to still
The wayward feet that ne'er were taught
The mysteries of the human will!

Why should we strike the brother-heart
That asks a solace not our own?
I cannot fill the judge's part
When lost myself in lands unknown!

In night of pain, distrusting sore
The force that fathered us, the sky
Doth open wide its ample store
And still our hungry childhood's cry.

Love falleth as the rain, and brings
Truth, as a blossom, from the earth;
Love cometh as a song, and sings
Of death, and of its partner—birth!

Within the circle of the spheres
Who is disowned,—who is dismissed?
Oh, let us gather all the years,
And all the lives the sun hath kissed,

And shrine them evermore, and make
For human travail ways of light!
Good should not fall, nor grieved hearts break
In this weird pilgrimage and flight!

HORACE L. TRAUBEL.

PROFESSOR FISKE'S "IDEA OF GOD".

Prof. John Fiske, of Harvard, is the most widely known writer upon the general scientific and philosophic aspects of evolution in this country. The announcement that he was about to publish his address upon "The Idea of God as Affected by Modern Knowledge" awakened wide interest. How entirely that interest is satisfied by the argument will largely de-

pend upon the mental attitude of the reader. Possibly those who already believe may find their belief justified, while those who disbelieve may remain unconvinced.

Prof. Fiske confesses at the outset the difficulty of giving any adequate expression to the infinite reality which lies at the heart of all things in terms that are easily conceivable to untrained minds, with our growing knowledge of the universe, of its mighty forces and their multifarious action, the crude ideas of Deity, once satisfactory, become wholly inadequate, and we are obliged to confess that no thought can fathom or word describe Him in whom all these wonders somehow exist. But, because thought and language fail, the reality which has grown too great for us to grasp does not cease to be. It still touches our lives with its intimate presence although it supremely transcends our definitions.

Our author derives the idea of God from the sense of power outside ourselves and mightier than we which affects our lives. This power was thought by some early men to be embodied in dead ancestors grown mythologically mighty, by others in great spirits of nature, of sky, ocean or elements. From these two ways of feeling sprung, after many centuries, the two ideas of Deity as external power, and as indwelling life. Ancestor worship leads to the conception of a spiritual chief, Lord or Father. Nature worship leads to the conception of the indwelling soul of the universe of whose mysterious life all partake. These two ideas have divided and still divide human thought. The theologians incline to the personal ruler. The philosophers and scientists think of the immanent spirit and of the universe as its perpetual manifestation. To each class of thinkers the position of the other is unsound. Both assert the eternal reality, but each describes it in a way which the other can not accept. Science finds no place in its universe for an external Deity. Theology regards the indwelling life as lacking in those personal elements which stimulate obedience and worship. But the conception of indwelling life is the growing one, the one which modern knowledge compels. And it intensifies rather than destroys that sense of mystery and wondrousness which is the root of worship.

"From this point of view", says Prof. Fiske, "there is no antagonism between our duty as inquirers and our duty as worshippers. No part of the universe is Godless. In the swaying to and fro of the molecules and the ceaseless pulsations of the ether, in the secular shiftings of the planetary orbits, in the busy work of frost and rain drops, in the mysterious sprouting of the seed, in the everlasting tale of death and life renewed, in the dawning of the babe's intelligence, in the varied deeds of men from age to age, we find that which awakens the soul to reverential awe; and each art of scientific explanation but reveals an opening through which shines the glory of an Eternal Majesty."

What is this supreme reality which lies at the heart of the universe? It is the eternal source of phenomena. The universe is an immense unit animated through all its parts by a single life principle, showing in all its parts the same chemical constitution. There is no dead matter, no empty space. Everything is quivering with energy, to the manifestations of which neither beginning nor end is conceivable.

The whole phenomena of the universe "in all their minuteness from moment to moment, in all their vastness from age to age are manifestations of a single life-giving principle that is both infinite and eternal."

This eternal source of phenomena the physicist names force. But force is an abstract term which in itself is meaningless; it only acquires tangible meaning through its relations. If we translate this abstract symbol into a concrete term with relations to things, instead of persisting force we shall say the power everywhere manifest. How shall we describe this power, in terms of matter or in terms of mind? Matter is what we see and touch, this power is the *source* of what we see and touch. As that which we see and touch can not be the source of itself, the power must be other than material. Again, our very idea of power comes from mind, not from matter; mind is the only thing we know, our only sure reality; we are therefore compelled to conceive of the supreme reality in the terms of the only reality we know, or else not to conceive of it at all. But we can escape from the air we breathe as easily as we can expel from our consciousness that power which is manifest throughout the universe. Hence, if we think at all, the only logical conclusion is that the life and power in the universe is the same life and power that "wells up in us in the form of consciousness". The eternal reality, therefore, is a spiritual reality, it is also a conscious reality, or in more familiar phrase it is conscious spirit. Do the known facts suggest anything farther concerning this spirit? The wondrous course of development from nebulous mist to systems, suns and planets, suggests some ineffable intelligence in the life which thus unfolds itself. There is a reasonableness in the universe, an intelligibility, a going forward step by step to definite ends which indicates in the power behind it what we call wisdom in some infinite degree. And the evolution of humanity from lower levels of animal life steadily upwards toward moral aspirations, moral achievements and moral ideals hints that the power which, so far as this planet is concerned, finds its culminating manifestation in moral character is a moral power which "makes for righteousness".

Prof. Fiske thus states his conclusion:

"The infinite and eternal power which is manifest in every pulsation of the universe is none other than the living God. The events of that universe are not the work of chance, neither are they the outcome of a blind necessity. Humanity is not a mere local incident in an endless and aimless series of cosmical changes. There is a purpose in the world, whereof it is our highest duty to learn the lesson, however well or ill we may fare in rendering a scientific account of it. When from the dawn of life we see all things working together towards the evolution of the highest spiritual attributes of man, we know, however the words may stumble in which we try to say it, that God is in the deepest sense a Moral Being. The everlasting source of phenomena is none other than the infinite power that makes for righteousness."

Thus the thought of science and the feeling of religion swing into harmony, when both abandon the search for outward personalities and seek the indwelling soul.

T. B. FORBUSH.

DETROIT, Michigan.

THE LIFE OF MY SOUL.

CHAPTER I.

Memory carries me back of my eighth year, but in that year a certain definiteness was given to my thought and life. Like the first sunlight of the morning, a few rays of religious light fell then upon my soul. Feeble indeed was the light, and the life which followed, but it was a beginning. It was not thought, but sentiment which was the first to touch my spirit into life. It was no May morning which settled in beauty on my life and awakened me unto all the beauty about me; but somehow it was a young plant which broke the ground. There was no surprise about it either to myself or others. There was no Bible in the matter, no heaven, no Jesus, nor *much* of either God or morals. It was a mere out-going of the life in me to the life out of me, whatever that life might be. That this was the meaning of this breaking of the clod was not known to me at the time, but now it so manifests itself. This first little plant was long a lonely one—long was it in coming to seed and so fructifying the ground about and thus making the soul a garden of the Lord.

Life was with me like that of any other child—neither better nor worse. But that opening of soul into the outer world was never closed. It was the beginning of that hunger and thirst, that reaching for the infinite which has followed me all my days, and all this so unknowable in its meaning even to myself. Well do I remember how little I understood even the first thing in religious living—that of walking humbly before my God. A good woman, away back there in my eighth year, for some strange word of mine, which I cannot now in the least remember, said warningly to me—"Keep humble, keep humble." This may have helped give me no love for humility—so that I find it very difficult to take home the word of Jesus, Blessed are the meek. From this early beginning my thought of religion has been that it was an aspiration—a determination to touch the infinite—a longing to put on the image of God—to be perfect as the Father. But perhaps the road is that of self-sacrifice, the way that of the cross.

CHAPTER II.

Though the life within me had been opened, yet as years went by a deeper consciousness became mine. I, being under evangelical training, felt myself in need of conversion, as the church terms it. And perhaps it was well I so thought and felt; for in that conversion the religious life was deepened in me—the ground was plowed and fertilized and watered by tears of repentance. It was eight years after the first stirrings that this new impulse was given. I do not remember much about hell as an influence in my conversion. I did not fear. I wished to live. Thought was growing out of the old stock sentiment. And thought would have me make distinctions between right and wrong; the claims of God and the claims that men make are one. I can only remember the Bible as a help, Jesus as a friend, God, not so much as Father, as my Creator, to whom I owed my whole life. I was converted; or at least I thought so—but

how little real place the thought of Jesus's blood had in the matter. Of course I believed that I believed that the blood blotted out the past. But well do I remember the great want of satisfaction which was mine. I did not feel this belief in the blood was a rock. My real satisfaction came from the consciousness that I was trying to do right. I would be like Jesus. And in this attempt how I strained at every gnat, though I don't think I swallowed any camels. My conscience was like a sore spot instead of being a sweet voice to help and encourage and admonish. The works of Madame Guyon and of Fenelon were meat and drink to me, but I was too young for them and they forever pricked a conscience already too tender. The Bible, in its depths and its great spirit, was too much of a sealed book to me, though I knelt while reading it, and read it morning and night. I would be like Jesus, near God. And that I might be so, I tried to live as much an ascetic as possible, fasting and going to the church's altar and there trying if God was more there than in other places. Our church was open all day Sunday, so I could easily get in and spend hours there alone. How superstitious! True, but how conscious I was of obligations to God. The world rested in demands on my shoulders. I find no regret in my life for this superstition. As I look back to-day I think it better than cynical indifference or bloodless agnosticism. But this religious life had a somewhat healthier manifestation in that it led me to talk to men about religion. The raftsmen—the boom-men, the drivers of wood—to one and all I spoke of the soul. As I go back two strange things come before me. One was that I do not remember of ever speaking of hell. Nor do I remember a single person resenting my apparent officiousness. In that word—simple as it was—I learned to love man, to see for myself that there was an angel side to rough swearing men—my brothers.

A. W.

TRANSITION TRIUMPHANT.

The attitude of heresy towards the orthodox creeds of the day has ceased to be a novel one. The movements of Beecher, Newton, Mangasarian, Phillips Brooks, in the direction of a more enlightened exposition of men's stature in the universe, attract only a momentary attention ere lost in the larger sea. The public mind is becoming accustomed to the signs of "sloughing-off"—in fact, has in broad meaning wandered away itself, however unconsciously, from ancient notions of religious truth. It is remarkable how small a proportion of men really accept the old theories when you nail them to a definition. The church has actually, in spite of itself, become latitudinarian. It preaches "love", and endeavors to make its term comprehensive. It bends a willing ear to science, an intelligent eye to art, a longing heart to music, and sees through modern revelation the promise of a new era. True, it hopes to find the fresh without discarding the aged, the spring without losing the winter; and yet it is gradually relaxing its hold even upon the early desire to effect this impossible compromise. It is the assurance of health that in the midst of such evident disorganization the moral na-

ture of man continues its development. This, therefore, least of all, should be the season for despair. That heresy has grown common may mean and does mean that men have grown wiser and have pushed the gods up to a higher level. Ingersoll is no bad phenomenon. Because his hasty indignation may at times mistake a friend for a foe we need not suppose either that his protest is useless or that liberal religion has no case against his quick and brilliant generalizations. Two things remain certain in the thick of this fight—the moral law, and the immortality of the religious sense. With these fixed stars revolve the human spheres. Men may stop for a day with Mangasarian and similar seekers, but when the air is full of the spirit hinted at by the exceptional “heretics”, no one case can excite wonder. We are common participants in the pilgrimage—not, as Emerson might have it, veritably “in search of a religion”; but at heart anxious that some positive intelligence may dawn upon the mind. In the mean time, no fact is more significant than that which stands for us in the common temper. The world is getting beyond surprise. Just as it appears in mechanics, where the most marvelous discoveries are greeted as our every-day right, so it comes to us in religion, whose new exponents are welcomed more in curiosity than awe. One might be troubled if this betokened a falling of the moral pulse, but as it does not, it awakens gratitude, like some rich infusion of needed blood.

H. L. T.

CONDITIONS OF FELLOWSHIP.

Inasmuch as there appears to be doubt in the minds of some relative to the limitations of Unitarian fellowship it seems proper to recur to the standards fixed by the National Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches.

By the name, preamble and two of the articles of its constitution the Conference affirms and reaffirms its Christian character and objects. But these affirmations are followed by Article X., which is in these words: “While we believe that the preamble and articles of our constitution fairly represent the opinions of the majority of our churches, yet we wish distinctly to put on record our declaration that they are no authoritative test of Unitarianism, and are not intended to exclude from our fellowship any who, while differing from us in belief, are in general sympathy with our purposes and practical aims.” Thus the representative, deliberative body of our churches has adopted a standard inclusive of all who “differing from us in belief are in general sympathy with our purposes and practical aims”.

While such an article represents the officially declared judgment of the denomination, it is utterly futile for any individual to attempt to establish or enforce narrower limitations. And it will be equally futile for any individual to question the Christian standing of the body as a whole, and put aside the historic position of the denomination as an association of Christian churches.

AYER, Massachusetts.

LYMAN CLARK.

REWARD.

Reward! O soul of mine and hast thou grown
So weak, so craven, as to dream of this?
Are not the struggle, the pursuit, the toil,
Of their sole selves an ever worthy aim?
Toil wouldst thou to attain material good?
For thy long combat clutch what thou may'st see?
Race but to win the apple fair and large
Due unto others worthier far than thou?
Oh, count it privilege beyond all price—
That power to wish, to strive, accorded thee!
And hold it yet enough that still is given
The great occasion for the manly act;—
For true it is in sloth the man sinks down,
In looking for reward yet lower he falls;
Through action only where no thought of self
And self-reward is, comes the large, true soul;
And this activity, through Love's great law,
Blesses the world while making of the man.

A. M. G.

Correspondence.

IN CALIFORNIA CHURCHES.

DEAR UNITY:—Los Angeles was our headquarters for three weeks. Went to hear Dr. Fay our first Sunday. Fine sermon on “What shall I do to be saved”; emphasis on character, justice rather than mercy; paid a high tribute to Felix Adler and his work. The whole service was reverent and worshipful. The services are held in Masonic Hall, not very large, but crowded that day. The subject was given in the morning papers, and the other churches had joined together to start a great revival that evening; so more came than usual, though we were told he has good audiences, and they hoped to build a church next year.

We went 125 miles down to San Diego, a clean, quiet little place, but now enjoying a “boom”, having just made through railroad connections; called on Mr. Cronyn and saw him literally under his own “vine and fig tree”, a cosy little cottage surrounded by orange, banana, fig and lemon trees; on the door a notice “go to the little cabin at the back of the house.” And it was a little cabin—just about so big. Can't tell much that was in the little room, only that it was crowded with papers and books and a writing table or desk. I had the only chair and E. sat on the end of something, and Mr. C. on the end of something else, but we had such a good time; said his society was small but good, and with the growth of the town they now expect, has hopes to grow with it. Very pretty church down town—Mr. C. lives on the hill—small, but finished inside with the beautiful red wood, and with chairs instead of pews.

Back to Los Angeles again, and on to Santa Barbara, going to San Pedro in cars to take the steamer. Only six hours on the Pacific, but six of the most miserable hours to me, when that old steamer would sink down before a swell, then “buck” it, then back, then rise up over it, then sink down again; it

seemed to me the life would go out of me. E. was serene through it, with not a qualm. At Santa Barbara we blundered on to Mr. Jackson, our minister there. "Unity Chapel", a modest little house, with jasmine climbing over the porch, was close by our hotel; we found the door unfastened and went in. Mr. J. was there, came down to meet us, and we had a very nice talk with him. We found Santa Barbara the most finished, cultured and delightful place we had seen, mountains on one side and ocean on the other. The grass now looks like May with us, the roadsides like October, and the sky like June. The orange and lemon trees are full of yellow fruit with the blossom coming on; the apple and pear and grape vine leaves yellow and falling off, the lilac just budding out, and the sweet violets under our windows in blossom. Pretty soon the hills that are so bare will be covered with flowers. *ms. P. Sawyer*

The Home.

BESSIE'S BIRTHDAY RHYME.

This morning early in my dreams
I thought I heard a robin say,
"A little dimpled, black-eyed girl
Is ten years old to-day".

Dear Bess, it must be you he meant—
It seems to me (you'll laugh I know)
You were a baby in our arms
A year or two ago.

You were a bit of sunshine then,—
You've kept it always in your face,
Don't lose it, dear, but let it give
Your life an added grace.

Time flies so swiftly, very soon
You'll be a woman and perhaps
You'll have a Bessie of your own,
And I'll be wearing caps.

Oh! my, oh! my, 'twill never do,
I can't give up like that, you know,
We'll put a flat-iron on your head
And then you cannot grow.

We'll tuck your dresses very short,
"Too bad", we'll say, "the child's so
small",
And we'll pretend you're very young—
Just eight years old next fall.

Yet after all 'twould do no good,
Old Father Time for no one cares,
While helping you, he'd throw at me
Some crow's-feet and gray hairs.

But let me whisper in your ear,
Be good and gentle, darling Bess,
Unselfish deeds will surely fill
Your years with happiness.

ANNA M. PRATT.

BUSINESS AMONG BOYS.

At "our table" were a pleasant family of very devout people who prided themselves on descent from several generations of "ministerial" ancestry. They were refined, exemplary church goers, ready to do missionary work for "Jesus's sake" with us—to them skeptics. From their "strait gate and narrow way" view we were on the broad road to destruction. As one often finds among such people, their religious zeal and devotion to Jesus had no relation to their dealings with humanity.

One day the mother came to me in trouble. Her boy could not go out without being assailed by the neighboring boys. "How do you manage?", was her query. "I don't manage at all. Our children come and go and there is no trouble." "It is strange. My boy is polite, never quarrels, yet all the boys seem to dislike him." "Hasn't your son been driving sharp bargains among them?" "He has traded a little," she admitted. "Don't you allow your children to?" "Certainly, if they have anything they don't want and another does, they can give it or exchange it for a fair equivalent. I always teach them to deal with another as they would want that other to deal by them, and if there is any dissatisfaction, to trade back." "But boys insist that a bargain is a bargain. Don't you think they ought to be preparing in their dealings with each other for future business habits?" "Most assuredly, therefore I endeavor to infuse perfect equity into our children's daily life and relations with their playmates." After a long pause—"What would you do in a case like this?—I bought a quantity of unfinished toys to give Georgie occupation and encouragement. He has finished and sold many of them. Now they are coming back and there is a fuss about it. I don't want my rooms cumbered with them. What am I to do?" "Let the child finish them nicely,—that is what you bought them for, then if he can sell them for a fair profit on original cost and labor, do so. But if you make a foolish purchase, it is adding *wrong* to *folly* to try and foist it on others. Let the boy see this also." She sighed as she rose to leave, saying—"You are doubtless right, but I must get rid of this stuff."

That evening, at dinner, Georgie came in highly elated showing his uncle a pistol, saying, "I traded a boat I called worth two dollars for it. What do you think of it?" "Well, well, my boy", he said very heartily, "you've done well. That pistol is worth at least twelve dollars." "I got it of a boy away over on the North side. The boat didn't cost me a dollar", said the youth pompously, looking around the table for the admiration he felt his due. The uncle glowed and praised him, the mother was radiant with pride and satisfaction and in her heart, doubtless thanked God that her boy was so much brighter than many other boys. But how did this thing look to God and the angels?

S. C.

A CORRESPONDENT reminds us of the remark of Lucretia Mott who, when reproached for not being a follower of Jesus, replied: "I follow the things which Jesus followed."

UNITY.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

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Entered at the Post-Office, Chicago, as second-class matter.

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1886.

THE Monday noon teacher's meeting was upon chapters I and II of the book of Jonah. Mr. Utter, who was the leader, thought it a lesson which would prove particularly interesting to the classes. The book, he said, was named because of its being the story of Jonah and not because he wrote it, and it is generally accepted as history. Through the lesson papers he directed the talk of the classes toward the questions of obedience and disobedience, using Jonah as an example of a man with a bad conscience, who knew it was his duty to go where the Lord told him to, but it being contrary to his own inclination, disobeyed, and in following out the consequences of this disobedience, as given in the Bible, and as applying to real life, now lay the interest of the class talk. Mr. Blake thought true obedience of the spirit makes the letter for itself and therefore that should be most strongly inculcated. Mrs. Mixer thought it should also be taught that however hard it is to obey it is harder to command, to which Mr. Blake added that we could never learn to command until we had learned to obey. In regard to the miraculous part of it, Mr. Jones believed we ought, with entire frankness, to tell the children it was not true. Let them have it first from a wise and reverent source, where they will also be shown how to get a lesson of good from it, rather than to get it in a profane way from the street, as they inevitably will and without the valuable side. Many think it true because it is in the Bible, when if read elsewhere it would pass for a fairy story, the setting of which they would not for a moment pretend to believe, but the intention of which would find its application in their understanding. Mr. Gannett thought a thing should not be believed merely because it is in the Bible, but because it is found to be true. Upon inquiry most of the teachers

present thought children in Unitarian Sunday Schools were already convinced of the incredibility of miracles. Mr. Jones said that the teacher should discriminate between the literary use of the word miracle as a marvel or mystery, and the theological use of the word, which always implies an interruption of the established order,—a break in nature's laws, caused by the creator for a special object, and that to avoid the difficulties of the miracle problem by the substitution of any other definition is to evade the question and leave the difficulties unsolved in the minds of both children and adults.

PRINCETON, ILL.—The Unitarians of the west have had no more tender, loyal and earnest lay-brother in their ranks than William M. Whipple of the above place, and in his recent death the cause of liberal religion and practical Christianity has lost a faithful advocate. Our first missionary contact in Illinois was with the new movement at Sheffield some fifteen years ago, and Mr. and Mrs. Whipple were among the faithful few who successfully laid the foundations of our little church at that place. For several years after his removal to Princeton, Mr. Whipple was vice-president of our state organization and though deprived of the privilege of fellowship with a local church he has ever been an efficient supporter of the Unitarian cause by his progressive advocacy of the practical reforms and the advancing thought of our day. UNITY tenderly lays its tribute of respect upon his grave, and extends its sympathy and its fellowship to the bereaved wife and friends.

QUINCY, ILL.—Christmas day was honored in the highest sense by the performance in the church in this city of Handel's Messiah by soloists and a chorus of thirty voices. The grateful appreciation expressed by all present showed that to the highest kind of music a very cordial response is not more than can be expected.

NORTH CAROLINA.—A tourist was recently surprised to find several Unitarian families residing at Highlands, some of them having traveled extensively both at home and abroad, and now content to settle down under their own vine and peach-tree, thirty miles from the shriek of a locomotive, and many hundred miles from the chilling blasts of the north.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.—The Christmas service at Germantown, on the 27th, was marked by an address from the venerable Dr. Furness, who carries his eighty-four years like a Roman.—Robert Collyer recently spoke in the Germantown church, while Clifford had his strong word for Mr. Collyer's people in New York to extend in exchange.—The production of "*Mors et Vita*" here was justly regarded as a religious event. The trilogy is a painful one, sent forth, it might seem, in the late years of its composer's life, to picture a morbid conception of eternal plans. I realized a strange repugnance to Guonod's treatment of the theme, and while I groped about in the dark for some word to express my distaste, my good angel whispered in my ear that it was not well to give the one note of triumph in the composition, to the passage depicting the condemnation of the

wicked. The criticism lightened my heart considerably, for it contains the whole rational objection one might make to a work in many respects beautiful and imposing.—One of Philadelphia's Universalist preachers, Mr. Bisbee, has taken radical ground in favor of the continued opening of the Zoological Gardens on Sundays. The cause of his protest existed in the charge made by some ministers that the present critical financial condition of the Zoological Society arose from an offence against the mandates of the Lord in respect to the Sabbath.—The Germantown society has arranged for a series of entertainments for the winter. Under intelligent direction the programme outlined cannot fail to dispense joy and elevate the taste of all participants.—The Ethical Society draws unexpected audiences, and has already, I understand, commenced its school-work with some success. Mr. Salter recently spread a sweet "feast of reason" before a strong assemblage. I think he has some of the prophet-thought of the age.—The organization of a choral union from among the Philadelphia churches marks, I think, a new and righteous departure from old stiff-necked ideas of what is virtuous "before the Lord". The first entertainment on a large scale given by this lodge was in many respects a success. One may well feel that redemption in some sense broader than that which is current may be assisted by the powers of harmony and beauty. The sacred things are the good things, and no man is the loser in being fascinated by what is pure and lofty. Under old thought we feared to lose ourselves for an instant among what we wrongly called the temporalities. We denied religion to art and science and music. Now we read the religious spirit into outcast places, and make them holy. H. L. T.

AN OLD-WORLD COUSIN OF OURS.—Hannover Germany. "It is Sunday evening, and I have just come home from a free religious meeting. Where do you suppose it was held? In a large turnhalle. The whole floor, or rather ground, was strewn over with tan, which seemed to my feet damp and cold, though two large stoves diffused a comfortable warmth. All the gymnastic apparatus was to be seen at the end and sides of the room, but the center was filled with rows of chairs, and a desk for the speaker was placed between the ropes, ladders, parallel bars, etc., and the audience. Quite a goodly number of people assembled, more men than women, all intelligent looking, and of the well-to-do class. The subject, as announced in this morning's paper, was the *Struggle for God, Kampf um Gott*. The speaker, a fine looking man, with no notes, didn't occupy more than thirty minutes of our time, and I felt like asking him to go on. He began by speaking of Christmas and the birth of Christ; then asked why we didn't believe the old story; said we no longer believed in the miracles and open revelation, that we wanted to be free to develop our own powers, not to depend on a being who had done all for us; that the heaven, once described as the consolation for all our sorrows here, we would bring into our daily life; that all nature was to us a manifestation of God. We are no longer willing to give superstitious faith to the phenomena of nature that surround us, but seek by

science to understand the causes of them. Next we must study the history of the world: "know thyself" was written on the temple of Delphi, and the old Greek philosophers honestly tried to follow this direction. The great men of every age who have studied and helped to build the edifice of a wide faith were referred to, the martyrs,—Giordano Bruno, of course. Then the difficulty of founding a society where the children can be instructed in the highest principles; the schools established to train future citizens for their duties being too much limited by tradition and caste. The combat in politics for principles must be followed by combat in the striving for higher and broader views in religion. We should try to develop our highest powers for our own and our neighbor's happiness.—These are a few of the ideas he brought forward. A number of books and tracts were placed on a table near the door, for sale. This is my very first experience with free religion in Germany, and I enjoyed it much. I didn't find the service a religious one, but it was interesting, and gave me something to think about. There is great excitement in the house, as the family are all going to a wedding. The poor bride was married twice yesterday, once the civil marriage, and once the Catholic, and to-day she has the Protestant ceremony at home."

ONE of the new ventures in the publication line which the new year inaugurates is that of *The Fraternal Age*, to be published monthly, at Meadville, Pa. It seeks to fill a unique place in literature, namely, to give point, method and value to the "Good of the Order" hour of the lodge. The enterprise is especially related to the "Ancient Order of United Workmen", but there is no reason why it should not be exceedingly useful in the hands of any of the secret societies, or of the young peoples' organizations in connection with many of the churches. The first number contains several short articles, suitable for either private or public reading, and three elaborated programmes for popular entertainments, consisting of recitations, readings, music, pantomime, a pronouncing match, etc., etc. The various secret orders in the United States represent in their totality an immense constituency, and already wield great philanthropic and social power, and this magazine, which seems to have sprung from the fertile mind of Mr. W. Sackett, Grand Recorder of the A.O.U.W., may and should do much towards making of these societies a splendid educational power. The lodge-room may become a centre of culture, as well as of charity; a place where good reading and high thinking, as well as good feeling and noble doing are encouraged. We shall watch the success of *The Fraternal Age* with great interest, and commend it to church workers, as well as to those who work behind the mystic gates. The subscription price is \$1.50 a year. Address *The Fraternal Age Company*, Meadville, Pa.

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CHICAGO CALENDAR.

ALL SOULS CHURCH, corner Oakwood and Ellis avenues. Minister, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones; residence 2001½ Thirty-seventh street. Sunday-school at 9:30 A. M. Services at 10:45 A. M. Sunday, January 10, Rev. David Utter of Church of the Messiah will preach. Monday, January 11, the Romola section of Unity Club will meet at 2001½ Thirty-seventh street at 8 P. M. Teachers' meeting will be held in the pastor's study Friday at 7:30 P. M.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, corner of Michigan avenue and Twenty-third street. Minister, Rev. David Utter; residence, 13 Twenty-second street. Service begins promptly at 10:45 A. M. Sunday-school promptly at 12:15. The Ladies' Industrial and Benevolent Society meets every Friday at 10 A. M. The Industrial School holds a Saturday morning session—teachers needed.

UNITY CHURCH, corner Dearborn avenue and Walton place. Services at 10:45 morning. Sunday, January 10, sermon by Rev. W. C. Gannett. Subject, "The Faith of Ethics". Sunday-school at 12:15.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner Monroe and Laflin streets. Service at 10:45 morning. Sermon by the pastor, Rev. J. V. Blake. Sunday-school at 12:15. Teachers' meeting Monday evening, January 11.

UNION TEACHERS' MEETING, Monday noon, January 11, at the new Channing Club room, 175 Dearborn street, room 93. Rev. Mr. Blake will lead.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

All books sent us for review by publishers will be promptly acknowledged under this head and will receive as soon as practicable such further notice as the interests of our readers and the state of our columns may warrant.

The Humbler Poets: A Collection of Newspaper and Periodical Verse. By Slason Thompson. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. Cloth, pp. 459.....\$2.00

Letters to a Daughter. By Helen Ekin Starrett. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 18mo, pp. 124. Paper, \$.50, cloth.....\$.75

The Story of Archer Alexander from Slavery to Freedom. By Wm. G. Eliot. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co. Cloth, pp. 123.

Eliot: A Poem. By William Ellery Channing. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co. Cloth, pp. 98.

Sermons Preached in the First Church Boston. By Rufus Ellis, D. D. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co. Cloth, pp. 354.

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